

It will be noticed that Thomas C. Platt is still "out in the rain."

Up to this time President Arthur has made over 500 nominations and not one of them has been rejected by the Senate.

At the diplomatic dinner given by President Arthur the other day, seven kinds of wine were included in the bill of fare. The ladies of the temperance union had made a call at the White House only a few days before.

Chicago is full of precocious people. They start young there in trade, politics, speculation, and pickpocketing. On Thursday last two boys, one 10 and the other 11, succeeded in taking \$14 from a woman in broad daylight. Detectives, however, were put on their tracks, and \$12 of the amount was recovered.

The Madison Democrat calls our Thomas M. Nichol, Wisconsin's "lone fisherman," and says he is now called a "general." Mr. Nichol keeps on advancing. At first he was called Tom, then Colonel, and now General. When a man can command the title of general, have no settled occupation, and can live without seeming to be disturbed, he is favored of fortune.

The cards of invitation to the Garfield Memorial services at Washington, are among the finest specimens of engraving ever done in this country. The cards are ornamented with a handsome vignette of the martyr President facing toward the right and surrounded by a drapery of American flags. Above the picture is a drawn sword, and beneath pictures of the White House and Capitol. The only inscriptions are: "Memorial service of James Abram Garfield, President, March 4, 1881, died September 19, 1881. Eulogy by the Hon. James G. Blaine, House of Representatives, February 27, 1882."

For common decency's sake it would be a good thing if Mr. William T. Price could be arraigned before the bar of the Assembly. When he talks on the floor he pays no sort of regard for the feelings of his brother members, and throws out at all kinds of sneering insinuations which a gentleman would not do. It is not very plain to be seen why this man Price should have more liberties than any other man in the Assembly, and it is hoped that Mr. Pierce will take action that will cause the arraignment of Price before the bar of the house. Were this done once, it might stop his Gaitianisms a while, at least.

Although Madame Christine Nilsson's husband—M. Rouzard—has lost all his fortune, and she has lost nearly half of hers by unproductive speculations in this country, there is no danger that she will have to go begging. Before M. Rouzard was hurled into bankruptcy, by which he met his tragic insanity, he had an income of \$20,000 or \$30,000, which, with her income gave them a handsome living. When she gave up singing and married Rouzard, she had a fortune of about \$100,000, but half of this was lost by bad investments. She has, however, the snug little sum of \$200,000 left and securely and profitably invested, so that while her husband is confined in the asylum, she can live in a manner becoming her station, and can, if she choose, earn a fortune every year by taking to the operatic stage.

Dinner-giving among the Senators at Washington is confined to about fifteen out of the seventy-six, and these fifteen include Mr. Sawyer, of this State. Don Cameron, Jones, of Nevada, and Pendleton, of Ohio, give the largest and most frequent dinners of any of the Senators, and they seldom cost less than ten dollars a plate. It is said by one who speaks with authority, that the Southern Senators never give dinners, and never fail to accept an invitation to dine at a Northern Senator's table. Mahone, however, who is a man of large wealth, may be regarded as an exception to the rule, as he has several times prepared sumptuous feasts for his brother Senators. Flower, of New York, a member of the House, is the champion dinner-giver. He is immensely rich, and withal has a princely liberality, and gives three dinners a week and that in a kingly fashion.

There is an interesting history connected with the Japanese indemnity fund, and the report of the passage of the bill, as reported by the Washington Post, will be read with interest.

In the House yesterday Mr. Williams, of Wisconsin, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill in relation to the Japanese indemnity fund. It authorizes the payment of the fund known as the Japanese indemnity fund—amounting to \$1,770,314—to the Japanese government, with the exception of \$254,000, which shall be paid to the officers and crew of the United States ship Wyoming. Mr. Williams gave a brief history of the fund and argued that the national honor required that the fund (for which, according to Secretary of State Seward, no equivalent had been given) should be returned to Japan. In August, 1864, every claim which the United States had against Japan had been paid to the last dollar, yet fifteen days later the government had entered into a point agreement with Japan, and the honor of the nation required that it should be returned. The rules were suspended and the bill passed amid applause.

There is no doubt that the case of General Fitz John Porter will be reopened, and it is very likely that he will be nominated as colonel of infantry, and if confirmed, it will be a virtual reinstatement. Should this take place, he will be entitled to \$115,000 back pay, for such a nomination and confirmation will carry with it a pardon, and he will be entitled to the pay of a major-general of volunteers from the time he was dismissed from the army for disobedience and treachery, till he was confirmed by the Senate as colonel of infantry. There is no doubt President Arthur will make the nomination but it is not so certain that Porter will be confirmed. General Logan is chairman of the Senate Military committee, and his position in regard to Fitz John Porter is well known. He will never report favorably on the nomination should it be made, and in this case it would seem that there could not be a confirmation against the position of General Logan. In the Senate the other day Logan restated his position, which shows that he will not change front because General Grant has seen fit to astonish the world by a remarkable somersault. Logan said: "General Grant may say what he has a mind to. His conscience must answer to him, and I will be the judge of my own. I do not wish to animadvert upon what General Grant has said. The time may come when I may discuss that proposition. No matter who may say that Porter has been wronged, the evidence is before the world to-day that Fitz John Porter was dishonorably dismissed from the army for improper conduct, and my judgment is that he was properly dismissed. The man who reaches his hand to put that man back in the army by any process will find in this country such an expression of popular sentiment in opposition to that act as will cause him to think much of the mistake he will have made in doing so. Let Congress unawfully and unjustly—as I maintain it would be—restore the man who would destroy the Union by his want of good faith and proper conduct in the army, and that Congress will go down to history as a Congress that wishes to restore dishonorable men to honorable places."

**Accredited.**  
F. A. Scratch, druggist, Baitoven, Ont., writes: "I have the greatest confidence in your BLOOD PURIFIER. In one case with which I am personally acquainted, their success was almost incredible. One lady told me that half a bottle did her more good than hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine she had previously taken." Price \$1.00, trial size 50 cents. Sold by A. J. Roberts and F. Sherer & Co.

**Papa Forgets Himself.**  
You have probably heard—most of you, at least—of the wealthy old merchant who was waited upon by a committee soliciting subscriptions of money for a certain benevolent object. He considered the matter, and deeming the object to be worthy, he subscribed fifty dollars. The solicitor was disappointed. He had expected more, and plainly said as much, adding:

"Why, sir, your son gave us one hundred dollars, as you can see."  
"Ah," replied the old gentleman, with a shrug of the shoulders, "the rascal can afford it. He's got a rich father."  
Well—it is of this same father and son that we have another story to tell—a circumstance of an earlier time:  
The boy had joined a club, and had also taken membership in one or two social organizations, that met for mutual benefit. One evening, as the youth was preparing to go out, his father asked him where he was going.  
"This evening, to the lodge," he replied. "I hold an important office."  
"Look you, my boy—I don't know about this. I don't half like it."  
The boy looked up in surprise.  
"Father, have you yet known me become home from one of my meetings made worse by the association? When you see that, let me know."  
"Aye—but I'm afeard when you get home—how do I know?"  
This implied distrust, though not meant, nettled the son, and he quickly returned:  
"You go to bed early. If you wish central demonstration, sit up for me. I'll try to meet you half way."  
"Meet me half way, you rascal! Mercy! What would my father have done if I had dared to suggest such a thing to him? Let me tell you, he never allowed me to be out after dark, unless he knew where I was going and with whom."  
"What—never?"  
"No—never!"  
"Well—you must have had a queer case for a father."  
"A—what?—I'd have you to know, you young dog! that I had a better father than you ever had—and a—"

He caught the twinkle in his son's eye, saw the lurking smile, and the echo of the words still lingering in the air—  
"Get out of this! I believe I'm losing myself. Are you going?"  
The boy turned and left the room; but he lingered outside the half open door long enough to hear his father fervently murmur:  
"God bless the boy! He is my stay and my support! Oh! I fear not for him. I think he's true and loyal! I will trust him!"

And the boy went away, murmuring to himself:  
"Aye, my father, when I forget my duty to thee, in honor, in sobriety, and in truth, may my right hand wither, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

And he went his way safe and sure—his feet upon a rock.—*New York Ledger.*

**Second Edition of Job.**  
Mrs. Ogden, N. Division Street, Buffalo, says: "I cannot be too thankful that I was induced to try SPRING BLOSSOM. I was at one time afraid I should never be able to get out again. I seemed to be a second edition of Job without his patience; my face and body were one vast collection of boils and pimples; since taking one bottle of your SPRING BLOSSOM I am quite cured, all eruptions have disappeared, and I feel better than I have in a long time." Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

## NEWS OF THE DAY.

**Conkling's Nomination Creates Great Surprise in Congress.**

**The Amounts Allowed by the Committee to the Attendants of President Garfield.**

**The Fall of One of the Largest Grocery Buildings in St. Louis.**

**The Criticism on the Appointment of Logan's Son-in-Law to Be Paymaster.**

**Delegate Cannon, of Utah, Will Now Step Down and Out.**

**A Horrible Crime Committed in Kentucky a Year Ago.**

**Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.**

### A GREAT SURPRISE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—The biggest surprise of the season is the nomination of Roscoe Conkling for the supreme bench, and A. A. Sargent, of California, for minister to Germany, just sent to the Senate. Until within twenty-four hours past, it has been believed that Edmunds would get the supreme bench, and Sargent would go into the cabinet. Indeed, a member of the supreme court stated privately four days ago, that Edmunds would go on the supreme bench within a few days. Last evening, however, the President stated that Edmunds would not be appointed, but so well was the secret kept that nobody was prepared for the surprise of this afternoon. Of the sixty or more senators present, when the name was sent in, probably not a half-dozen had dreamed of such nominations. An audible buzz of surprise ran all over the Senate and the galleries when the fact became known, and the news quickly spread to the House, which was busy with the private calendar, and is now the principal topic there. The general impression is that there will be no delay in confirmation, as the Senate seldom refuses to confirm one who has been a member of that body. Many people believe that Conkling will not accept, and that the nomination is simply a move in a much larger game. But the cooler heads think he will accept the position which may be considered the highest honor from a lawyer's standpoint, and \$10,000 a year for life. Sargent's nomination is also a surprise, but attracts little attention beside the more important nomination.

**BURIED ALIVE.**  
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Feb. 24th.—A house under Kester's Peak, Big Cottonwood, inhabited by a wood-chopper named Taggart, his wife and five children was swept away by a snow-slide. It was first missed this morning. Men have gone to dig it out and recover the inmates, alive or dead.

**Snakes as Life Destroyers.**  
The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the scrofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of scrofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of scrofulous disease, or king's evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. By druggists.

**SPIKE THE CANNON.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The election committee, as foreshadowed yesterday, decided to-day to report adversely on the case of Cannon, the polygamist. It finds that Campbell is not entitled to the seat, and recommends that, as the House is a judge of the qualification of its own members, it reject Cannon on the ground of polygamy. Cannon still has the assurance to continue to come into the House on the strength of the fact that he was formerly a member. The House committee on elections decided on first, that minorities never can elect; second, that Campbell is not entitled to the seat; third, that Cannon, having received a majority of all the votes cast, should be given the seat unless disqualified by some constitutional objection; fourth, Cannon admitting that he lives in polygamous relations, thus violates law, and not being a constitutional officer of the government, he is a member of Congress, but simply a delegate from a Territory, holds his place at the will of Congress; fifth, that the committee intending to notify citizens of Utah, in spite of the admitted citizenship of Cannon, that polygamy will not be recognized in a Territory of the United States, report that he should be excluded from his seat in the House.

**GARFIELD EXPENSES.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The statement published of the amounts allowed by the committee to audit the expenses of the sickness and burial of President Garfield to the attending surgeons is pronounced incorrect by a member of the committee. The amounts allowed are: To Bliss, \$25,000; Agnew and Hamilton, \$15,000 each; Keayburn and Boynton, \$10,000; Mrs. E. S. Steward, \$5,000; Steward Crumbs, \$3,000, other employees of the Executive Mansion, two months extra pay. The committee recommended the appointment of Barnes to

be major general and his retirement on that grade, and the promotion of Woodward to lieutenant colonel. The committee has also agreed to grant Mrs. Garfield the remainder of her husband's salary for the current year. Springer and Blackburn, in a minority report, will oppose most of the items.

### LOGAN'S SON-IN-LAW.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—The nomination of William F. Tucker, Jr., of Illinois, Logan's son-in-law, to be major and paymaster in the army, has evoked much criticism. It has not been an uncommon practice since the beginning of Grant's administration, for Presidents to appoint paymasters from civil life; but Tucker is one of the very few men appointed from civil life who have seen no military service. This appointment carrying with it the rank of major, will put Tucker over the heads of one hundred and twenty captains of cavalry, sixty captains of artillery and two hundred and fifty captains of infantry, or in all four hundred and thirty officers, many of whom fought on the battle fields of the late war, and most of whom have probably been twenty years in the service.

### ROSE EYTINGE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Mrs. Rose Eytinge Butler recently began a suit in the Supreme Court for an absolute divorce from George Butler. The plaintiff is that actress well known as Rose Eytinge. The defendant is a nephew of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. He was at one time United States Consul at Alexandria, Egypt, where he attracted the gaze of the world by the many broils into which he got, and by the magnificence of his manner of living. After he returned from Egypt he became a journalist for a time, and then fell into poverty caused by dissipation. He denies the charge of infidelity made against him by his wife, Judge Donohue to-day sent the suit to a referee for trial.

Death to rats, mice, roaches and ants; PARSON'S EXTERMINATOR. Bares, granaries and household cleared in a single night. No fear of bad smells. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. Sold everywhere.

Terrible itching and scaly humors, ulcers, sores and scrofulous swellings cured by the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cure) externally, and Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally. Ask about them at your druggist.

**FIGS, FIGS, FIGS.**  
Successfully treated by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

### A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

HARTFORD, Ky., Feb. 24.—The Herald of to-day says: "An outrage, too horrible almost to call to mind, happened near Caneyville, January 23, 1881, by which Wiley Embury and six children were burned to death. We have just learned that a death-bed confession has brought out the perpetrators. Dr. James N. Brandon, Caneyville, on his death-bed confessed that he and John Whittinghill, and Bill Taylor Whittinghill, son of Remus Whittinghill, did the deed. Brandon said that they took a syringe and threw chloroform through the key-holes into different rooms and waited till it caused a deep sleep. Then they went in and robbed the house, getting \$1,600 in money. They set the house on fire in several places, and ran off. Mrs. Embury and three children escaped from the fire, and Embury and six children, including three sons, almost grown, perished in the flames. The parties have been suspected for some time. Bill Taylor Whittinghill's wife took a \$100 bill to Moorman's store to get it changed, and as Whittinghill was known to be scarce of money, it excited suspicion. Brandon married a sister of Whittinghill, and we understand that Brandon is dead, and the Whittinghills have fled. This is the information as received. It may not be exactly correct in detail, but the substance is. A number of Dr. Brandon's friends deny that he made any such confession."

### taken Out of Bed.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir:—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house.

Respectfully,  
AMANDA K. ENNIS, Fulton, Mich.

### COLLAPSE.

**Fall of One of the Largest Grocery Buildings of St. Louis.**

St. Louis, February 25.—At 2:30 o'clock this morning a snapping and roaring noise was heard, and on hurrying in the direction from which it came it was discovered that what was yesterday one of the finest and roomiest business-houses in St. Louis was a mass of bricks and mortar.

The building which had collapsed was five stories high, and was owned and occupied by Craft, Holmes & Co., situated on Second and Washington avenue, and one of the leading wholesale groceries in St. Louis, and it has only been recently erected at a cost of \$300,000.

At the present writing it is not known if any one is buried beneath the ruins. Had it happened during the day (the firm employ over 100 hands), and being situated in one of the busiest parts of the city, there would have been great loss of life.

A fire has just broken out in the ruins. This firm were burned out about three months ago, in the same place.

LATER—3:35 a. m.—The watchman at Craft, Holmes & Co., fortunately, was out, going his rounds, and thereby escaped, but had to run from it.

He reports seeing two messengers from the Mutual Union telegraph office passing him as he came out of the lane. At the present

writing, they have not returned, and, as they were proceeding in the direction in which the building fell, it is feared they are victims to the disaster. It is impossible to get at the loss, as everything is in one confused mass. The building fell inward and across the street, damaging the stores opposite, and was heavily stored with goods. The fire has been confined to the ruins.

### MISCELLANEOUS.



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, adulterated or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

### AMUSEMENTS.

**MYERS' OPERA HOUSE**  
C. E. MOSELEY, Manager.

**ONE WEEK!**  
The Original and Only

**Herbert's**  
Grand Constellation, Supporting the Double Attraction.

**EUNICE GOODRICH**  
AND  
**J. W. BURTON!**

The Finest Company Traveling!

Monday Evening will be presented the Play entitled

**ROOMS FOR RENT!**

**ACT I—Fun!**  
**ACT II—Fun!**  
**ACT III—A Little Sentiment and Fun!**  
**ACT IV—All Fun!**  
**ACT V—Fun!**

A grand street procession every afternoon by Herbert's Grand Band—Bert Woodruff, champion cornetist, leader.  
Balcony Seating every evening at a quarter past 7.  
Admission: Parquet and Dress Circle, 35 c; Gallery 25 c. Extra charge for reserved seats.  
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance at 8 o'clock.  
H. HERBERT, Manager and Proprietor.  
GEO. MILNE, Business Manager.

**RESERVED SEATS AT PRENTICE & EVENSON'S**

**NEW GOODS AT WHEELLOCK'S CROCKERY STORE.**

**W. M. M. ELDERIDGE, Druggist.**  
No. 27 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

**E. B. Heimstreet**  
Artist General Materials, Druggist.

**NEW YORK DRUG STORE**

**DIMOCK & HAYNER** Represent the Oldest and Largest Stock Insurance Companies in America and England.

**DIMOCK & HAYNER** Represent the Oldest and Largest Stock Insurance Companies in the World.

**DIMOCK & HAYNER** Represent the Safest and Best known Fire Insurance Companies in America and England, and write policies at best rates.

**DIMOCK & HAYNER** Represent one of the Oldest, best known and largest Life Companies in this country.

**DIMOCK & HAYNER'S** Losses are all promptly and fairly adjusted and paid.

**DIMOCK & HAYNER** Have Houses, Lots and Lands for sale or rent, and Money to loan at low rates of interest.

**SOME OLD FOGIES**  
Will tell you it does not pay to advertise. We are happy to say that is not our opinion. On the contrary, we have abiding faith that it does pay, and as we have secured this space in this paper, propose to utilize it in informing the public generally, and our patrons in particular, that we have now in stock a full and complete line of

**Books and Stationery**  
Suitable to the wants of all, both old and young. We have also a large and fine collection of All kinds of Photograph and Autograph Albums, Photo and Artotype Engravings

As well as other lines of Pictures, Cabinets, Frames and Engraving, Ladies and Gents' Pocket Books and many other lines. We desire particularly to call your attention to our large and splendid collection of Christmas and New Year's Cards, which for beauty of design and excellence of trade, to the selection of which we have devoted much time and care. Of course it is impossible to enumerate all of the articles we have in stock in this space, but we cordially invite all to call and examine our stock and judge for yourselves.

**F. S. LAWRENCE & CO.**

## EAST FOR SPRING TRADE.

Wishing to close out the remainder of Winter Goods on hand to make room for one of the Largest and Most Complete Stock of

## Spring and Summer Goods

Ever before brought to the City of Janesville. I have instructed my salesmen, that during my absence East they are to sell all goods at prices less than any other house in the city dare offer—custom work included. I mean business, and this is not an advertising dodge. All goods guaranteed as represented, or money refunded. Remember the old standby, The Star Clothing House.

Yours for Low Prices,  
**FRED SONNEBORN.**

## Semi-Annual Clearance Sale!

To make room for Spring purchases soon to arrive, I offer all Heavy Winter Goods, such as Men's Wool Lined Boots and Shoes! Also FLANNEL LINED SHOES, GLOVES, MITTENS, Etc., at astonishingly low prices, regard less of cost. A lot of

## GENT'S HOLIDAY FANCY SLIPPERS!

Worth from \$2.00 to \$2.50 to be closed out at \$1.50 per pair. Call early and make your selection.

**THE WEST END SHOE STORE!**  
L. R. TREAT, Proprietor.  
33 W. Milwaukee St. Op. Market Square.

## Green & Rice!

Still Keep the Lead.  
All the latest patterns in

**CROCKERY, GLASS AND CHINA!**  
Special inducements in LAMP GOODS.  
TEA SETS FROM \$3.50 up; DINNER SET, 128 PIECES, FOR \$15.00  
And all things in like proportion.

**WE ARE NOT AFRAID OF THE BATTLE**  
And our hen is on laying golden eggs for all who call at No. 45, West Milwaukee Street.

## AT THE EMPIRE DRUG STORE!

YOU WILL FIND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF  
**Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines!**  
THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

**Combs, Brushes, Dressing Cases!**  
Which will be sold as cheap as any other house in the State. Also all the choice

**Brands of Cigars and Cigarettes.**  
CALL AND SEE ME.  
**W. M. M. ELDERIDGE, Druggist.**  
No. 27 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

**E. B. Heimstreet**  
Artist General Materials, Druggist.

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**F. S. LAWRENCE & CO.**



The circulation of the GAZETTE is larger than the combined circulation of any five newspapers in Cook county.

## A LONDON LYRIC.

AN IMITATION.

If you were eighteen, I were twenty;  
If roses bloomed and I were spring;  
If it were Sunday and I were young,  
And life before stood waiting;  
If you, a cheerful young beginner,  
With one more mad at household care,  
Should help to cook the first small dinner,  
Which Ned—poor Ned!—dropped in share;  
If he should toast us, waxing jolly,  
With me an aldermanic gown,  
And turn to you, my blushing Molly,  
And laughing call you Lady Brown—  
I think for this we'd shut the stable,  
Drop butter, footmen, grooms and all,  
And about that little table,  
And never call the maid too small.

Some forty years and more how willing  
We'd let run back, my Lady Brown!  
How gladly give their every shilling  
If we might lay their burdens down;  
If we might have the sunlight shining  
Through cotton shades, as it shone then,  
And, tired at night, sit down for dining  
As simple and as glad as when.

You were but eighteen, I was twenty,  
And roses bloomed, for it was spring—  
When I was scarce and I was young,  
And life before stood waiting;  
—Charles Noble Gregory, in Chicago Tribune.

## A RAILROAD ROMANCE.

The cars were crowded, and that made me a little cross. Why need all the men, women and children in the world be on the train every time I went down to Hammond to give my music lessons?

Ah! those music lessons. I was cross again when I thought of them.

Here was this lovely morning, bright with all the beauty and gladness of returning spring. A clear May sky, the growing things filled the air, and I thought of an unutterable longing to turn my back upon Hammond and the seven misses waiting me there, appointed by fate, and admirably fitted by nature to torture my music-loving soul.

I wanted this bright day all to myself. I had a new book I wanted to read. This was just the day to sit by an open window and read, either from the printed page, or open book whose characters were the springing grass, the unfolding leaf, and the tenderly blue sky. I had so little time for either kind of reading.

And then I had a dilapidated wardrobe I needed to renew. Every woman knows how the shabbiness of apparel comes to light in the face of spring sunshine. The dust and soil of a whole winter's wear stared me in the face; and though I had no special fondness for such work, I had a fondness for a becoming toilet, and knew that if I could only find time I could "turn" my few dresses upside down and inside out, and so renew and renovate them—bless the convenience and latitude of the fashions!—that no son of Adam would ever know them.

I wanted to do anything and everything but what lay before me. I think, more than all, I wanted to be free; to do or not to do, as I chose.

But, instead of all that, my face was set Hammondward. I knew that at this moment each pupil was giving a last, and possibly the first, moments to the "execution" of her exercise, preparatory to my coming.

Of course I knew it was all wrong to be cross. I had read and believed that "virtue was its own reward." I had been brought up on the "be good and you'll be happy" principle, but in my inmost soul I revolted against that last venerable piece of wisdom. I was tempted to believe that the words needed transposing, and think so yet.

I had to look a little for a seat. The women who had whole seats to themselves spread their skirts out. They needn't have done it, for I didn't want to sit down by any of them. But at last a gentleman raised his eyes from the morning paper, and, rising, intimated that I might share a seat with him.

He let me sit next the window, for which I inwardly blessed and outwardly thanked him. Then I looked out of the window, and felt studying the scenery. Presently he laid down his paper, and I saw or felt that he was about to speak to me; but I resolved that I would not be inveigled into making car acquaintances. He was a fine-looking man, and ably with the gray-blue eyes and a goodly beard in which my soul had hitherto delighted; but I was determined to be proof against his Saxon beauty.

Pretty soon he said:  
"I think you got on the cars at M—; do you not?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Have you far to go?"

"No, sir."  
"You are fortunate. This is too lovely a morning to spend in the cars. I have just come down from Maysville. That is one of the prettiest little towns in the State, and is looking beautifully now. Were you ever there?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Beautiful, is it not? or, perhaps, you do not enjoy country places as I do?"

No reply.  
A puzzled expression overspread his handsome face, but he evidently did not intend to abandon the field. Just then we came in sight of a large and beautiful building situated on the bank of a lovely little lake.

"That is the State Insane Asylum, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Have you ever visited it?"

"No, sir."  
"You do not know, then, whether it is full or not?"

"I presume there is room for one more."  
A little smile shone in his eyes at my reply.

"Did I understand you to say that your home was in M—?"

"I do not know you understood me."  
"I am acquainted there. Do you know the Hollis family?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Is M— a pleasant city and a prosperous one?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Then the ubiquitous book boy came along and offered us something to read. He took up one of George Eliot's novels, and asked:

"Have you ever read this?"

"Yes, sir."  
"And like it?"

"Partly."  
"She was a woman of remarkable genius. She read the very secrets of the human heart. Don't you think so?"

State Insane Asylum which we passed a few moments since. I have never visited it; find plenty outside who are insane enough for me. Do not know whether it is full or not; recommend you to Dr. Jacobs to find out. I live in M—.

Have lived there a long time. My mother lives there. My father is dead. I have two young sisters. Am a music teacher by profession, and sing in the choir Sundays. Am acquainted with the Hollis family. M— is a pretty city and a prosperous one. I have read George Eliot's novels, and think she was a remarkable woman. Admire her genius, her wealth of language and her courage. I think she read the secrets of the human heart, but not always correctly. I think she was often morbid and unjust, particularly toward women. I think she was a woman of great power, and that most women are fools. God Almighty having made them to match the men."

His face was a study while I talked. Amusement, annoyance, mortified vanity, with a decidedly gratified look, all shone in his countenance, and when I ended he laughed a quiet laugh that had no discourtesy, though a little bit of triumph in it.

I continued: "Now, since I have answered all your questions, may I ask you one?"

"Yes, me'am," with a neck imitation of my manner.

"Why, in the name of all that's sensible, did you persist in talking to me, in the face of all the discouragements I offered?"

"Because I have a perverse fondness for overcoming obstacles, and because I saw plainly that you could talk if you would, and my persistence has proved that my intuitions were correct. But," he added, seriously, "I should be sorry to have you think me designedly rude. If you had been in sorrow, or had been a young inexperienced school-girl, I should not have annoyed you; but I saw you were cross rather than sad, and that your ridiculous 'yes sirs' and 'no sirs' were the result of perversity rather than diffidence. I am a gentleman, and eminently respectable, and you are very far from being afraid to talk with any one without the formality of an introduction. No, madam, you had not permitted the sunshine of this morning to enter your soul, or you would have been more genial and courteous. But I have not thanked you for your very succinct account of yourself, antecedents and surroundings. I am a lawyer, and cannot help thinking that you would make a splendid witness. I propose that you forgive me my inquisitiveness, and I forgive you your—your—well, your unsociality, and we 'make up,' or, more properly speaking, begin again."

I consented, and for the next twenty minutes tried my best to efface the first hour's work. I think I succeeded, and I now never talked to mortal man or woman about myself or my affairs, found myself talking to this stranger in a free, unconstrained manner, as remarkable as it was pleasant.

He was a cultivated gentleman, with a manner modest, and yet perfectly self-confident. I made some assertion, or expressed some opinion, from which he dissented, saying:  
"You are wrong, and if I had time I could convince you that I have more correct views on this subject than you have."

I gave him a look of amazement.  
"You thing I am a curious blending of impudence and egotism, don't you?" he asked.

"I think you have wonderful confidence in yourself and your own eloquence; but I have been called an egotist myself too many times to consider it at all a term of reproach. I find that one who understands himself and his own abilities, who possesses power, and knows it, is generally the one people call an egotist. One must believe in oneself who would win faith from others. You know Milton, writing Paradise Lost, said he was writing an immortal poem, and the people probably cried: 'What an egotist!'"

"Thank you," he said, "you plead my case nobly; and now," taking out his watch, "in five minutes we will be in Hammond, and I want to tell you something. I like you. I am interested in you, and I do not want this acquaintance to drop. I want you to give me your name and address, and permission to write to you. Will you?"

"No, sir."  
"Why?"

"Because, though you fancy that you are interested in me, I know it was only that I piqued your vanity, and have amused and filled an hour for you. You will forget that such a person exists by the time you reach home."

"Very well; if I forget you I shall not write. If I should happen to remember you, may I remind you of it by a letter?"

"You do not know but I am a married woman, with an invalid husband and nine small children."

"It is not written on your face."

"Well, then, perhaps I have a lover waiting somewhere for me."

"Then you will tell me so. Perfect frankness is true courtesy, and surely you would not just when you can see that I am in earnest."

There was no withstanding his sincerity. I said:

"I am ashamed of my foolish jesting. I seem determined to do myself all possible injustice, and if your persistence astonished me at first, it amazes, bewilders me now."

"I see it does, and that expression, made up of pique, surprise and incredulity, is charming, really your most becoming one I think."

"It promises to be my only one while I talk with you," I retorted.

"And I shall write to you, and you will write to me, and your name is—"

"Margaret Doyle," I said. "Write to me, and be sorry for it, for promptness is my failing. When my first letter comes, you will read it with pleasure, and answer it soon; the second, you will say, 'Oh, another letter from that Miss Doyle,' the third, 'Bless me! this is getting to be monotonous, a bore, in fact—see if it is not so.'"

"Miss Doyle, we have reached Hammond. I want to thank you for the permission you have given. You do not know how sincerely I thank you. I have no faith in you as a prophetess. I shall write to you as soon as I reach home," and he helped me off the cars, gave me a warm, friendly clasp, and whispered, "Good-bye, Margaret Doyle." The next minute the cars swept on, and the fact that seven music scholars awaited me pressed itself upon my mind.

What a foolish, imprudent thing I had done! all day long I thought of it. His face looked up from the page of "Richardson," and above the false notes and discords that my pupils tortured out of the piano I heard his low pleasant tones. He had that rare possession, a cultivated voice. But somehow I could not feel any great remorse over my misconduct. The troubles of the morning were quite forgotten, and I made up my mind that the world wasn't such a bad, unhappy world, after all, and

Here I was, ashamed to return an idiotic "Yes, sir," so I turned around in the seat and commenced:

"I got on the cars at M—, and am going to Hammond, not for a two-hour's ride; I go there to give music lessons—have seven pupils there, all girls. I have been at Maysville several times; think it a very pleasant little town. Like country places and solitude. It was the

that even music-teaching had its bright side. The day went by, the week went by, and though I said I did not look for his letter, I did not succeed in deceiving myself. It came, a frank, honest epistle, full of strong thought, expressed in strong, simple words; it contained pleasant allusions to our strangely-begun acquaintance, and, without being in the least a love letter, was suggestive of more than mere friendly interest. It made me glad. I answered it. The next week's mail bore a letter to "Louis C. Hamilton, Box 139, St. Louis, Mo.," which was the address he gave, or which I read in his letter.

I prided myself on my letter-writing. I found that writing to this new friend was very pleasant.

In a short time another letter came. I thought the writing a trifle different from the first. Neither the manner nor the matter was of the same degree of excellence. If it had not been that I had it in my possession, and so had proof positive of his ability to write a fresh, bright, interesting letter, I should have pronounced this flat and commonplace. Then I was piqued by the thought that he had lowered his standard to better adapt himself to my capacities, and I worked myself into a fine rage at the bare idea.

Again I wrote, the replies still disappointing me, taking on a tone of flattery which was annoying in the extreme, and which made answering them very difficult. Over and over I said to myself: "How can a man who looks and talks like a demi-god write so like an idiot?"

My acquaintance with demi-gods was then, and is still, very slight. In fact, I never met one; but, nevertheless, I felt justified in being a trifle extravagant. If he had not written one letter which was just what a letter should be, I'd have wasted no more pen and ink upon him. With the laudable intent of reforming his style by adopting a widely different one, I hoped to bring him back to his senses.

After the fourth letter Mr. Louis C. Hamilton wrote to me no more. I was not surprised, nor really very sorry, only I was disappointed. At the same time that my confidence in his protestations, as well as in his skill in composition and orthography, was broken, my faith in my own prophetic powers was increased even-fold. Did I not tell him so? But I owned to myself that I would gladly have been a false prophet—very, very gladly.

The summer wore away. I was busier than ever, and found my work increasing daily. A large music class, with what other duties pressed upon me, left me very little time for idle repining, had that been one of my habits, which, thank fortune, it was not. The leisure that came to me was enjoyed as only those can enjoy who have hours of work to moments of rest.

I made two trips a week to Hammond, but avoided car acquaintances; not avoided, either, for I was not the style of women to make travelers stare in wonder or admiration. While I found gentlemen courteous, I don't remember that any of them, save this one, ever insisted on talking to me whether I would or no.

October came, glorious queen of the Autumn! Day by day the green grew splendid; day by day the woods took on brighter, warmer hues. The ride from M— to Hammond took me past lovely little clumps of trees, gorgeous with their wealth of color. Pleasant farm-houses, set in the midst of yellow fields, and over all the rich, ripened sunlight falling like a garment. Over all the golden haze, wrapping every object in a tremulous, tender beauty, the year was dying gloriously.

I was going home one evening after a day's work in Hammond, tired but still with a restful, contented feeling in my heart. A cool deal of the sunshine of the day had entered into my soul. All the day I had had a strangely elated feeling; a sense of something about to happen. Only that my life was one of those in which "nothing ever happened," I should have said that some coming event cast its shadow before. I was not given to superstition, and so concluded that the delightful weather and good digestion were the secret of it all.

I entered the car. It was full as usual. People on their way home from their summer pleasures. There were young people and old people, and people who were not young, and who would not be old. There was the inevitable commercial traveler, the crying baby, and the woman who had lost her trunk—she's always on hand, and there, right in front of me, as I passed down the aisle, sat Louis C. Hamilton. Our eyes met, and my cool recognition was acknowledged by a ready smile and an outstretched hand. I could not very well refuse to shake hands with a man simply because he did not write a good letter, and was uncertain in his spelling, and who had, after all, only done what I said he would do. So I gave him my hand, and before I knew it was seated beside him, and we indulged in mutual stare for the next minute.

"Well," he said, "Fate throws us together again; why, I wonder."

"Fate," said I, "otherwise the necessities and exigencies of business. I am going home from my day's work, and you are—"

"I am in search of a false prophet, one Margaret Doyle, and see how my perseverance is rewarded. Fate has played right into my hand. Margaret Doyle, why didn't you answer my letter?"

"I did answer them—every one. How dare you come to me to account? You only proved my prophecy a true one. You may consider yourself quite free from blame." And I felt I was growing somewhat incoherent, and stopped.

"You are not very clear, and I remember you as remarkably so. What does it all mean? You said you would write to me."

"You said you would write to me. You are quite excusable for changing your mind."

"Wait a moment; don't give an opinion; confine yourself to facts."

"Well, then, I answered every letter I ever received from you."

"Never wrote you but one, and to that received no reply."

"Mr. Hamilton, this may be vastly amusing to you, but it's growing decidedly disagreeable to me."

"So 'tis to me."

"I received four or five letters from you, and answered them every one."

"Why, dear Miss Doyle, I tell you most sincerely that I never wrote you but one letter. I looked long and anxiously for a reply, and never received it. How disappointed I was you cannot imagine."

"I cannot reconcile your statement with the fact that I have letters from Louis C. Hamilton, four or five."

"Then I pronounce that you have been imposed upon. There must be some other man who has the honor of bearing the same name I do. How did you direct your letters?"

"Just as you told me—Box 139, St. Louis."

"Little Miss Jessie Lincoln, a young lady of the mature age of six, is the special well-spring of pleasure in the home of the Secretary of War. Mr. Lincoln takes particular comfort and delight in the company of this youngest child of his, and seeks her gay presence the moment he is released from his office cares."

"You did? Well, then, just there lies the trouble. You should have directed to 139."

"I should have done just as I was told, and your letter said 139."

"Oh, dear! and it was all my mistake. Don't you know how easy it is to twist a 3 into a 9. I don't doubt I did it, and that other man has your letters meant for me. Was he a good correspondent? May be I'm intruding?"

"I don't mind telling you now, seeing 'tis 'tis,' that he was stupid to an alarming degree—only original in the matter of spelling. I noticed a slight difference in the writing, and a decided difference in the style of composition; but thought, of course, that you were you, and so kept my part of the contract till that other man grew disgusted, evidently, for he dropped the correspondence. Who is he, I wonder, and what possessed him to appropriate another man's letters?"

"They probably came to his box. His name on the outside, and not being troubled with any foolish notions of honor, he saw no impropriety in taking what was apparently his property. It was probably 'fun' to him. I'll look him up when I go back and thrash him."

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"You'll do no such thing."

"But you knew the Hollis family; you could have found out something about me if you had tried. Found out if I was a gay deceiver, and all that."

"You assume that I could, and I own that I did care; but if your nearest friend had been my next-door neighbor, and I could have found out all about you, your antecedents, your present and your future, I'd have asked no questions. I did not want my faith in you bolstered up by the Hollis family. I trust my friends wholly, or not at all; or, rather, I have no friends whom I cannot trust."

"You are right. I begin to think you are always right; I suppose because we agree. If we differed, you would be wrong of course. But we are most home," he said, and began to pick up my packages and his own.

"I suppose you go to Maysville?" I said.

"No, madam. I stop at M—.

Do you suppose I am going to leave you in your ignorance and inexperience, to fall a prey to any other Louis C. Hamilton? A woman who don't know a 3 from an 8 wants looking after. I want to convince you that I am I. Don't affect to misunderstand me, Margaret, dear. Your face has haunted me night and day for six months. I sought you again because I could not bear to give you up. Now, that this stupid blunder is explained, I will not give you up unless you bid me do so. Shall I get of here or shall I go to Maysville? I wait your orders."

"Mr. Hamilton, if you could just let go my hand a minute I'd try and put on my hat, and you go to Maysville at your peril."

He, you know who he is, looks over my shoulder and says:

"Be sure you add, little wife, that this is a true story."—*Carrolla Perry, in St. Louis Magazine.*

## Points About a Horse.

The weak points of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving any of them, the feet planted flatly upon the ground, with legs plumb and naturally poised. If one foot is thrown forward with the toe pointing to the ground, and the heel raised, or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease.

If the horse stands with his feet spread apart, or straddles with the hind legs, there is weakness in the loins and the kidneys are apt to be disordered. Heavy pulling bends the knees. Bloish or milky cast eyes in horses indicate moon blindness, or something else. A bad tempered horse keeps his ears thrown back. A kicking horse is apt to have scurred legs. A stumbling horse has bluish knees. When the skin is rough and harsh, and does not move easily and smoothly to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and his digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose respiratory organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the side of the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard it is an indication of trouble—let him go.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

## Color Blindness.

Color blindness has led to many serious accidents, but no more ludicrously unfortunate result has been recounted than that of one of the contributors to the *Figaro*, who has been afflicted with infirmity of vision from youth, being utterly unable to distinguish colors, without seeming to be aware of the fact. A short time since he was to pay his intended bride a visit, and presented himself in a suit of brightest scarlet. His tailor had sent his book of patterns, among them those of the cloth destined for liveries, and the unfortunate suitor had mistaken the scarlet for pearl gray. The tailor, imagining that the order had been for a masquerade, carried it out to the bride without observation; but the friends of the intended bride, looking on the wearer as a confirmed lunatic, refused to allow the courtship to proceed.—*Lynn Transcript.*

## As Mad as a Hatter.

The most striking (in two senses) thing about the hatter's art, in old times when felt hats were made by hand, was the beating up of the felt. Dipping the mass of wool and hair, from which his fabric was to be formed, frequently into hot water, the hatter was wont to do it, as if in passion, and give it a violent beating with two sticks, one held in each hand, till it was matted together into the felt, which, in time, after numerous combings and dressings and shearings, became the stylish beaver worn by the men of fifty years ago. The hatter seemed to be very mad at this object of his labor, and "mad as a hatter" needed no explanation in those days.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

A Connecticut farmer seeing some railroad surveyors getting ready to run their line straight through the center of his barn remonstrated with them. "I want you to understand," said he, "that I've got sumthin' else tew dew besides runnin' out tew open and shet them doers every time a train waltzes go threew." But, being monarch of all they surveyed, they went right on just the same.

Little Miss Jessie Lincoln, a young lady of the mature age of six, is the special well-spring of pleasure in the home of the Secretary of War. Mr. Lincoln takes particular comfort and delight in the company of this youngest child of his, and seeks her gay presence the moment he is released from his office cares.

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